Seems like everybody else can fix their problems
They identify the issues and they solve them
Well, I wish that I could have the fucking option
Just stave it off, watch me play it off
The signal to my brain isn't working
Tryna recognise the feeling isn't worth it
But I'm holding it together on the surface
Just stave it off, watch me play it off
So go set the table
I'll show you what I'm made of
So go set the table
I wish I could pull my brains out

Serve it to you on a plate to diagnose me

Can you just tell me how it tastes and why I can't breathe?

Eat my feelings and lick the plate

I'll be feeding you things I hate

The bit that's off, the bit that rots, the bit that's rancid

Digest a part of me so you can speak my language

Eat my feelings I wallow in

Just take a bite and swallow it

Force feed by the gallon
Won't you give me another case study to examine?
And tell me why my bones feel sad
And my stomachs in cramps and now, and now
And now I'm overthinking till I short circuit
Order everything on the menu just to hurl it
Another toxin for my guts to misinterpret
I wish I could pull my brains out

Serve it to you on a plate to diagnose me

Can you just tell me how it tastes and why I can't breathe?

Eat my feelings and lick the plate

I'll be feeding you things I hate

The bit that's off, the bit that rots, the bit that's rancid

Digest a part of me so you can speak my language

Eat my feelings I wallow in

Just take a bite and swallow it

Cheers! It's actually quite nice in here, you know what you're getting? Hello, sir! Would you like me to read you the specials? I'm good, I-I was thinking I'll just order—
To start, we've got cold sweat soup
Chicken Caesar intrusive thought salad
Or my personal favourite, scrambled dread on toast
Well, I was just gonna stick with the salad—
If you're looking for the mains
We've got the catch of the day, self-doubt trout
Or for the vegetarians, anxiety aubergine parmigiano (Uh)
Or the panic attack pavlova is to die for
Do you have anything normal?

Serve it to you on a plate to diagnose me Can you just tell me how it tastes and why I can't breathe? Eat my feelings and lick the plate I'll be feeding you things I hate The bit that's off, the bit that rots, the bit that's rancid Digest a part of me so you can speak my language Eat my feelings I wallow in Just take a bite and swallow it

(Oh good, yeah)